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The SPECTATOR.

- - - - - *Mens ſine Pondere ludit.* Petr.

WEDNESDAY, *September* 22.° 1714.

SINCE I received my Friend *Shadow*'s Letter, ſeveral of my Correſpondents have been pleaſed to ſend me an Account how they have been employed in Sleep, and what notable Adventures they have been engaged in during that Moonſhine in the Brain. I ſhall lay before my Readers an Abridgment of ſome few of their Extravagancies, in hopes that they will in Time accuſtom themſelves to dream a little more to the Purpoſe.

One who ſtiles himſelf *Gladio*, complains heavily that his Fair One charges him with Inconſtancy, and does not uſe him with half the Kindneſs which the Sincerity of his Paſſion may demand; the ſaid *Gladio* having by Valour and Stratagem put to death Tyrants, Inchanters, Monſters, Knights, &c. without Number, and expos'd himſelf to all manner of Dangers for her Sake and Safety. He deſires in his Poſtſcript to know, Whether, from a conſtant Succeſs in them, he may not promiſe himſelf to ſucceed in her Eſteem at laſt.

Another who is very prolix in his Narrative writes me Word, That having ſent a Venture beyond Sea, he took Occaſion one Night to fancy himſelf gone along with it, and grown on a ſudden the richeſt Man in all the *Indies*. Having been there about a Year or two, a Guſt of Wind that forced open his Caſement blew him over to his native Country again; where awaking at Six a Clock, and the Change of the Air not agreeing with him, he turned to his Left Side in order to a ſecond Voyage; but e'er he could get on Shipboard, was unfortunately apprehended for ſtealing a Horſe, tryed and condemned for the Fact, and in a fair way of being executed, if ſome Body ſtepping haſtily into his Chamber had not brought him a Reprieve. This Fellow too wants Mr. *Shadow*'s Advice, who, I dare ſay, would bid him be content to riſe after his firſt Nap, and learn to be ſatisfied as ſoon as Nature is.

The next is a publick ſpirited Gentleman, who tells me, That on the Second of *September* at Night the whole City was on Fire, and would certainly have been reduced to Aſhes again by this Time, if he had not flown over it with the *New River* on his Back, and happily extinguiſhed the Flames before they had prevailed too far. He would be informed whether he has not a Right to petition the Lord Mayor and Aldermen for a Reward.

A Letter dated *September* the Ninth acquaints me, That the Writer being reſolved to try his Fortune, had faſted all that Day; and that he might be ſure of dreaming upon ſomething at Night, procured an handſome Slice of Bride-Cake, which he placed very conveniently under his Pillow. In the Morning his Memory happened to fail him, and he could recollect nothing but an odd Fancy that he had eaten his Cake; which being found upon Search reduced to a few Crums, he is reſolved to remember more of his Dreams another Time, believing from this that there may poſſibly be ſomewhat of Truth in them.

I have received numerous Complaints from ſeveral delicious Dreamers, deſiring me to invent ſome Method of ſilencing thoſe noiſy Slaves, whoſe Occupations lead them to take their early Rounds about the City in a Morning, doing a deal of Miſchief, and working ſtrange Confuſion in the Affairs of its Inhabitants. Several Monarchs have done me the Honour to acquaint

quaint me, how often they have been ſhook from their reſpective Thrones by the rattling of a Coach or the rumbling of a Wheel-barrow. And many private Gentlemen, I find, have been baul'd of vaſt Eſtates by Fellows not worth Three-pence. A fair Lady was juſt upon the Point of being married to a young, handſome, rich, ingenious Nobleman, when an impertinent Tinker paſſing by, forbid the Banns; and an hopeful Youth, who had been newly advanced to great Honour and Preferment, was forced by a neighbouring Cobler to reſign all for an old Song. It has been repreſented to me, that thoſe inconſiderable Raſcals do nothing but go about diſſolving of Marriages and ſpoiling of Fortunes, impoveriſhing rich and ruining great People, interrupting Beauties in the midſt of their Conqueſts, and Generals in the Courſe of their Victories. A boiſterous Peripatetick hardly goes through a Street without waking half a Dozen Kings and Princes to open their Shops or clean Shooes, frequently transforming Scepters into Paring-Shovels, and Proclamations into Bills. I have by me a Letter from a young Stateſman, who in five or ſix Hours came to be Emperor of *Europe*, after which he made War upon the Great Turk, routed him Horſe and Foot, and was crowned Lord of the Univerſe in *Conſtantinople*; the Concluſion of all his Succeſſes is, that on the 12th Inſtant, about Seven in the Morning, his Imperial Majeſty was depoſed by a Chimney-Sweeper.

On the other hand, I have Epiſtolary Teſtimonies of Gratitude from many miſerable People, who owe to this clamorous Tribe frequent Deliverances from great Misfortunes. A Small-coal-man, by waking of one of theſe diſtreſs'd Gentlemen, ſaved him from ten Years Impriſonment. An honeſt Watchman bidding aloud Good-morrow to another, freed him from the Malice of many potent Enemies, and brought all their Deſigns againſt him to nothing. A certain Valetudinarian confeſſes he has often been cured of a ſore Throat by the Hoarſeneſs of a Carman, and relieved from a Fit of the Gout by the Sound of *old Shooes*. A noiſy Puppy that plagued a ſober Gentleman all Night long with his Impertinence, was ſilenced by a Cinder-Wench with a Word ſpeaking.

Inſtead therefore of ſuppreſſing this Order of Mortals, I would propoſe it to my Readers to make the beſt Advantage of their Morning Salutations. A famous *Macedonian* Prince, for fear of forgetting himſelf in the midſt of his good Fortune, had a Youth to wait on him every Morning, and bid him remember that he was a Man. A Citizen who is waked by one of theſe Criers, may regard him as a kind of Remembrancer, come to admoniſh him that it is time to return to the Circumſtances he has overlook'd all the Night-time, to leave off fancying himſelf what he is not, and prepare to act ſuitably to the Condition he is really placed in.

People may dream on as long as they pleaſe, but I ſhall take no Notice of any imaginary Adventures that do not happen while the Sun is on this Side the Horizon. For which Reaſon I ſtifle *Fritilla*'s Dream at Church laſt *Sunday*, who, while the reſt of the Audience were enjoying the Benefit of an excellent Diſcourſe, was loſing her Money and Jewels to a Gentleman at Play, till after a ſtrange Run of ill Luck, ſhe was reduced to pawn three lovely pretty Children for her laſt Stake. When ſhe had thrown them away her Companion went off, diſcovering himſelf by his uſual Tokens, a cloven Foot and a ſtrong Smell of Brimſtone; which laſt proved only a Bottle of Spirits, which a good old Lady applied to her Noſe, to put her in a Condition of hearing the Preacher's third Head concerning Time.

If a Man has no Mind to paſs abruptly from his imagin'd to his real Circumſtances, he may employ himſelf a while in that new kind of Obſervation which my Oncicrocritical Correſpondent has directed him to make of himſelf. Purſuing the Imagination through all its Extravagancies, whether in Sleeping or Waking, is no improper Method of correcting and bringing it to act in Subordinancy to Reaſon, ſo as to be delighted only with ſuch Objects as will affect it with Pleaſure, when it is never ſo cool and ſedate.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Laſt Monday was Publiſhed,

A Poem on the Arrival of the King. Preſented to His Majeſty and His Royal Highneſs the Prince at Greenwich. By W. Wilkins. Sold by I. Morphew near Stationers-hall. Pr. 6 d.

In a few Days will be publiſh'd,

An Ode: Humbly inſcrib'd to the King. Occaſion'd by His Majeſty's moſt auſpicious Succeſſion and Arrival: Written in the Stanza and Meaſure of Spencer. By Mr. Croxall. Printed for Ferd. Burleigh in Amen-Corner.

For all Indiſpoſitions of the Stomach, and Impurities of the Blood, for the Scurvy, and all its Attendants, to create an Appetite, and help Digeſtion, to prevent Infection from contagious Air or Diſeaſes, and to keep the Body in a due State of Health and Vigour, &c. Dr. Stoughton's great Cordial Elixir excells any one Preparation in the World. 'Tis now famous throughout Europe, and is ſold in moſt Cities and great Towns thereof, and taken to Sea by moſt that go: And being ſuch a pleaſant and agreeable Bitter, moſt Gentlemen drink it in Wine, Ladies in Tea, &c. And is of ſuch Uſe to perfect the Digeſtion 2 or 3 Hours after Dinner, and create a freſh Appetite, ſuppreſs Vapours, and raiſe the Spirits when dull and low, that few Ladies drink Tea in an Afternoon without theſe Drops in it, 8 or 10 whereof, dropt upon the Sugar firſt, to each Diſh, is enough. Prepared only by him at his Houſe in Bartholomew-lane, near the Royal-Exchange, London, he having Her late Majeſty's moſt gracious Letters Patents for the ſole making thereof. 'Tis ſo great a cleanſer of the Blood and expeller of Wind, that Hundreds have been cured of Agues and Cholicks by this Elixir only, taken as the Bills direct, being in French, Dutch and Spaniſh, as well as Engliſh: And 'tis deſired they may be carefully read over and obſerved.

LONDON: Printed by S. BUCKLEY in *Amen-Corner*, and J. TONSON in the *Strand*; where Advertiſements are taken in.